

## [Manny Ardis]

Arnold Manoff

POSTAL TEL LUNCHROOM

Manny Ardis

I'm on short now, yeah, fifteen minutes. Oh these. Yeah, I made them up. I got a knack you might [may?] for that stuff. I don't know.

A friend of mine asked me to do it. He likes to give them to his girl. I think they're pretty good, myself. I'll tell you how it is. You work on the receiver and you get all tight inside. You gotta do something for relaxation. You're head feels like its goin to blow up sometimes.

Well you start thinkin about other things while you're workin. You don read the messages. It's like automatic. You mighta just sent the time and somebody would ask you what time is it and you wouldn't know.

I been sending and receiving for three yearn. It does something to your nerves. You get jittery. Oh sure I read some of the messages.

They're not so interestin. Not so much of this honey stuff anymore. Births, deaths, sure. I rather not say what I think of people all over the country. I got a pretty low opinion naturally. Now take the stock messages Postel has for people that can't make up their own. Personally I think that these are better than Postel's. Well I gotta minute more. Mind If I smoke one of your cigarettes. Yeah, sure, see you around.

Times my s'long. 2 MY DREAMS COME TRUE A message sweet To one so fair Until we meet I'll always care. You are so beautiful and fair A moonlight vision that I see And yet

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you must be quite aware Of just how much you mean to me. I want to write a serenade Of  
all the sweet delight For in my dreams you're on parade But vanish with the morning light.  
Your beauty always thrills me Although you're far away No other one can ever be So lovely  
and so gay. You're sweeter than the roses You'll always be in bloom And in your picture  
poses You brighten up my room. I have but one desire To someday make you mine You  
have set my heart an fire With eyes and lips divine.

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MY GREAT LOVE Romance comes to those that wait It warms them like the sun But they  
must not make up too late For soon it can't be done. Some day their mate will come along  
Their love will be so great It will come along just like a song A token of their faith. It blooms  
throughout the day And lingers in the night And like the birds at play Go on with morning  
light. This love will last forever And always be so gay I know that it will never Die out and  
fade away. So let this be my token Of what you mean to me This love will not be broken  
For in my heart you'll always be. You blow upon your fingertips I wish that they were mine  
The kisses that come from your lips And you would be my Valentine.